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42 Minutes



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Chapter 1 by Bryson Wilkins

"In precisely 42 minutes, The Watchers will destroy the Human Planet unless adequate reasoning for your existence is presented."

This was and is the only message we have received thus far after scores of translation drafts were committed to deciphering the original transmission. We have concluded that these Watchers, as they call themselves, are looking for humanity to prove they are worth the resources they use up. Our best guess at these creature's origins are some radical species wanting to accelerate the natural selection process for the entire universe. Nothing else makes sense right now but in 42 minutes it won't matter anyway.

A panic almost immediately started when The Watchers demonstrated the capability to destroy the planet when all of a sudden every volcano on Earth had magma gently bubbling at the rim. We assume they have some method of controlling a planet's core temperature to a frighteningly accurate degree.

The internet is our fastest method of communication with rationales for our existence be appended with the hashtag

#TheyCouldHaveGivenUsAFuck See more of Story Wars

Chapter 2 by Harlander

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"Wait, what?" a large number of people had asked. "A reason to exist? Do you mean a justification for existence? Because the reason we exist is that we were born and instinctively act to keep ourselves alive." It seemed like this wasn't what the smug, sanctimonious alien assholes were looking for.

Pardon me, I just get a little exercised when bullies come and throw their weight around and claim it was for the victim's own good or some other self-serving nonsense.

Breathe, breathe. Where was I?

There was one individual who felt he was prepared for this question, though. His life's work had been a single, definitive work of art that would sum up the human condition, its potential and its hope for the future. It'd justify everything humanity had done, even the awful stuff.

He had it ready, hidden beneath a simple, if rather large, white sheet. Cameras stood around in a circle, pointing at the irregular shape, already streaming to all manner of places.

Now it was time. He pulled back the sheet, and...

Chapter 3 by Catkin Meow



This picture was revealed: <http://i.imgur.com/XBiIO.jpg?fb>

Chapter 4 by lguessmann



I stare blankly at the computer monitor, still unable to comprehend the situation. All over social media, there is panic, total and complete mayhem. I know that in a few minutes, the sites will all be shut down anyway. Soon, there will no longer be any reminiscent of humanity. I stand up slowly, suddenly so aware of the soft rug under my feet, the cozy smell of my house. Is this what Their houses would be like? Soft and cozy? Walking into the den, I see my mother watching the

newscast. There is no one who is willing to report on this matter, as they are too busy spending their time saying goodbye to the world. A loud, obnoxious voice reads words I catch, "crime", "ransacking", and "looting". My mother and I start to sob. How do people think that robbing for money will help? I'll be gone soon anyway. Suddenly, I have an idea. Running upstairs as fast as my legs will carry me, I grab a piece of pale

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pink paper that says, "From the Desk of Peggy". I almost laugh. Sitting, down, I start scribbling furiously, knowing what I have to do.

Chapter 5 by Claude



If you are reading this... then please don't forget us. As the letters of Pliny the younger immortalised a culture, I hope this to do the same. Sure, we were not perfect, and we have had our bouts of famine, war and inequality, but we were so close, if we could just get past the 21st century. You see, we relied to heavily on some obscure technology that someone was bound to invent (we hoped), to save us; ultimately forcing us from our terror-filled lives. There was a void in all of us; one that could only be plugged by the hunt. Whether we hunted for knowledge, power, or sex, it was always there on the fringe of our so called social order. Now I may not know everything about life, and I'm sure someone would write a better account than mine, but what I do know is that we have a right to life. If we want to use that life to terrorise one another, divide ourselves into class abstractions and use one another for personal gain, then that's our choice. A choice we would no doubt make over and over, so you can take your temperature control and your volcanoes, and you can shove it up your ugly alien arse.

Wait... That's not what I meant; my emotions are getting the better of me. What I meant to say was....

Chapter 6 by Wolfie



The Watchers send down an orb they call a "Cosmic Egg" and give humanity the choice to open it or not

Suddenly, I am distracted from my writing. My mom is calling for me from the living room. I run down to her, hoping nothing bad has happened. News from Chicago. Something has landed, and it is complete pandemonium. Luckily, the newscaster reporting right now is sane enough, and brave enough to go check out the new thing. The camera and the news reporter get closer to it. The camera zooms in, and the newscaster starts reporting

"It seems here that they have thrown an egg at planet Earth." She says "I can't quite tell what they sent it for, though. Let's see if I can get a closer look."

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The both of them inch closer to the egg, but it's like it's alive, as if to touch the extraterrestrial egg, but it's too late.

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"Nothing really here to tell us what this is for, or why it was sent. Do you think it is the thing they will use to destroy us? Seems a bit anti-climatic, dontcha think?" She chuckles. There is some unintelligible mumbling, probably from the camera man talking to her. She squints at the camera and asks, "What did you say?"

There is a sigh, and then, "I THINK YOU SHOULD TOUCH IT" I laugh. Sarcastic, much? There is a buzz from my pocket, and I pull out my phone. Of course it is from twitter. Another trending hashtag.

#TheyCouldHaveToldUsWhatItIsFor

I laugh again, and go back to watching the screen. There is the reporter, reaching for the egg. She makes contact, and it cracks. She stumbles back, and watches. A blue light emanates from the crack, transforming into a hologram. What it says stops everyone in their tracks.

Chapter 7 by JARED BULLOCK



The figure coming out of the blue light oddly looks human. "Humans of the dimension 42-ASRMQ6834 we are not beings of a distant star we are from an earth very much like yours. Only we never had the dark ages. We came to your earth because ours ran out of fresh water, well rather we populated it all. We will give you one last change to prove you deserve to live instead of us. So what do you have to give to the universe?"

Chapter 8 by Jonnie Green- Movie Maker Jedi and Super Awesome Story Writer (P.S. This is a SECRET identity)



#WeHAVEhopeAndCREATIVITY

The new hash tag was trending on twitter.

All of a sudden, the egg left.

Nothing more was heard from the egg. I wonder, do they think the egg is a good enough answer. I wonder, do they think the egg is a good enough answer. I wonder, do they think the egg is a good enough answer.

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